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SCANDINAVIAN STUDY IN AMERICA.

Of the multiplication of societies, as of books, there is no end. In these days of specialized scholarship, the subject unit upon which organization is based tends to become smaller and smaller, while the method of study grows correspondingly more intensive. It is not surprising, then, that we should at last have a Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study to add to the existing number of scholarly organizations devoted to cultural interests. It is even surprising that we should not have had such an organization long before, since Scandinavian study affords a comparatively wide field for investigation, and the degree of its interest — historical, archæological, philological, and literary — offers unexpectedly broad vistas to those who give it their serious attention. It is a relatively untapped source of many-sided intellectual satisfaction, and we venture to say that no one who has found his way to it has had cause to regret the adventure.

The army of tourists who every summer invade the Scandinavian countries come back fairly entranced with their experiences. They discover a region endowed with the elements of scenic picturesqueness in infinite variety, and make the acquaintance of a sturdy and self-respecting people who welcome the traveller and do not prey upon him. They discover a second "playground of Europe" which vies in attractiveness with the Alpine country which has hitherto laid exclusive claim to that title. And if to the surface observation of the tourist they add something of the temper of the student, supplementing their visual impressions with the impressions to be gained from books, they find themselves inhabitants of a new world of interest. The elements of that interest include a rich treasure of mythology and legendary lore, a history that reveals the old Norseman in the most dramatic enterprises and contacts — in the British Isles and Russia, in Viking raids on the coast of southern Europe, in Norman and Sicilian settlements, in expeditions to Athens, Micklegarth, and the Holy Land, in the successive discoveries of Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland, an archæology of which only those who have visited the great museums at Stockholm and Copenhagen can have any adequate

idea, a language simple, strong, and illuminative of its allied tongues, and, last but not least, a literature that, in its range from the eddas and sagas to the works of Björnson and Ibsen, exhibits almost every variety of material and of charm.

Most cultivated people have a fragmentary knowledge of these things, but few have brought them into any satisfactory system of relations. Such an arrangement and synthesis as might be worked out upon the basis of the above suggestions, if presented in suitably artistic form, would open very wide many American eyes that have hitherto caught only occasional glimpses of the Scandinavian world of legend, history, and culture. It is because the new society of which we are now writing may be counted upon to do much toward the accomplishment of this desirable revelation that we welcome its advent into the field of scholarship. Its organization was effected during a two days' session held in Chicago a little more than a month ago. About forty persons were actually present, and the names of nearly twice that number are already on the roll of membership. A constitution was adopted, officers and committees were elected, many interesting papers were read, and arrangements were made for such publications as the means of the organization may make possible. We are particularly glad that the name first suggested — "The Scandinavian Philological Society of America" —was not fastened upon the organization. The word "philological" would have been unfortunate, not because it is inherently inapplicable to a society of the widest scope, but because its popular associations are such as to repel rather than to attract many persons whose support it is desirable to enlist. While linguistic and historical studies of a minutely technical character form a legitimate part of the work to be done, we trust that they will never be permitted to obscure its far more important cultural or humanistic aspects. To tag the society as "philological" would be to create a prejudice against it from the start. Concerning the alternative name suggested, it seems to us too long, and the word "advancement" might well be left to be understood. Such a name as The Society for Scandinavian Studies would give offense to none, and would meet all the needs of the case.

The slender pamphlet which reports the proceedings of the May session has for its special feature a sketch of the history of Scandinavian study in American universities, by Professor George T. Flom. We cite a few interesting facts from this paper. The first Scandinavian professorship in America was established in 1858, in New York University, with Paul Sinding as its incumbent, and it lasted for three years. The next date of importance is 1869, when chairs were established in Wisconsin and Cornell. In 1880, Columbia was added to the list, and eight more institutions during the following decade. The decade 1891–1900 made the total number twenty-one, and the twentieth century has increased that number to thirty-seven. Of this present number, ten are in the East, six in the far West, and the remaining twenty-one in the Central States. Something like one hundred and twenty courses are now offered in all. The philological courses still preponderate, but the modern courses are steadily gaining. The contrast between East and West is instructively illustrated by the following paragraph.

> "In the East the work was fostered by men who were inspired by love of the literature and the learning of Old Iceland, and this emphasis upon the older literature has prevailed in the Scandinavian instruction of the Eastern universities down to the present time. As a result of this, Old Norse language and literature has won for itself something like a tradition among Germanic scholars there; its place is as secure as that of Gothic and Old High German in the requirements for a higher degree in Germanics. In the West the point of departure was the modern period, a modern language, and the instructors in charge have in nearly all cases been of Scandinavian nationality. The older period, however, gradually came to receive a larger share of attention in the West, until now nearly all the institutions also offer Old Norse, and some of them actually give more instruction in the older periods than is given in any of the Eastern schools. And in the Eastern group there has been offered an increasing number of courses upon the modern languages and literatures of the Scandinavian North."

Those whose interests in this field are primarily concerned with the literature of the Scandinavian countries will welcome the appointment of a Committee on Translations, whose function it is to encourage in every way possible the reproduction in English of Scandinavian works. We say "literature" rather than "literatures" advisedly, because to the outsider the literatures are practically one, and their differences of language seem little more significant than the differences between High and Low German, or between Spanish and Catalonian, or between Italian and Sicilian. There is, moreover, a stategic point to be gained by urging this view, because Scandinavian literature, if considered as a unit, may fairly be held the equal in importance of any other

modern literature, always excepting the three which clearly outrank the rest. That is, Scandinavian literature may fairly be weighed in the balance with Italian, or Spanish, or Russian, with some doubt as to which scale will fall; whereas Danish, or Swedish, or Norwegian literature, considered by itself, can lay claim to a place in the third rank only, along with Dutch and Polish and Hungarian. Once get the public to realize that it is culturally as desirable (or would be were it not for Dante and Cervantes) to know Scandinavian literature as it is to know Italian or Spanish, and the battle is more than half won. And to bring about this realization nothing is more important than that we should have access to good translations of a great many more masterpieces than are at present available in the English language.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A National Library for the Blind, where the best current literature can be had, is likely to become an actuality at Washington. There was organized in that city a few days ago an association of philanthropists to be known as the Society of the National Library for the Blind, which proposes to erect a large building in Washington for the use of blind readers, for the preparation and preservation of texts in raised type, and for the widest possible circulation of these books among those needing them. Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is the president of the society and will write the first book to be printed by it for sightless readers. Miss Etta Joselyn Giffin, for many years head of the "blind" department of the Congressional Library, was chosen director; and Rev. Dr. Henry Noble Couden, the blind chaplain of the House of Representatives, will serve the Society in the same ministerial capacity. This new association is just now especially needed because of the recent cessation of the Congressional Library's activities for the blind, Mr. Putnam having decided last October that such work did not properly belong to the Library, whereupon its books, sheet music, etc., for the blind were transferred to the District of Columbia Library, which could only give its basement to their reception. Accordingly a special building, partly self-supporting by means of a large auditorium that it will contain and will rent for lectures and other entertainments, is what the new society most needs and hopes soon to have. And then, let us hope, it may be possible to respond satisfactorily to the pathetic appeal of a Boston blind man who recently asked: "Why cannot we have a few of the healthy wide-awake novels of the present day, such as our brothers are reading, and everybody is talking about?" Eighty thousand blind persons in the United States feel, or ought to feel, this want; and the mail service will bring the desired books to their doors without charge, as soon as the books themselves are to be had from any library for the blind. But popular support, and government support, will be necessary in generous measure before the large possibilities of the new undertaking can be realized.

* * *

A wail from the Sorbonne has been uttered by two students writing over the signature "Agathon," in loud complaint of the recent decline in classical culture at that famous seat of learning. As a Paris correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" puts it, "Agathon finds in the 'Palace' of the New Sorbonne no stronghold of traditional French culture, no intelligent interpretation of the seventeenth-century classics, no leaven of Greek and Roman thought for the modern world. On the contrary, he meets in every corridor a horde of Germanic, socialistic, pseudo-scientific influences, transforming the institution into an arid desert where nothing flourishes but the cactus of bibliography and the aloe of card-indexes. The subjects of study are split into an infinity of specialized chapters, so small and so narrow as to have no real educational value. It is merely 'the dust of education.'" Not the Sorbonne, however, nor any one educational institution, should be severely blamed for the recent decline from former high standards of culture in France. There have been lamentations heard from other quarters, as already noted by us, and they all owe their origin to the so-called reforms of ten years ago in the department of education — reforms that indicate the shifting of power in the French Chamber of Deputies toward the extreme Left. Ultra-democracy is in the saddle, and the steed is headed toward the practical, the tangible, and the utilitarian. What is most urgently demanded at present, as a writer in the "Temps" has expressed it, is "less of the utilitarian fever and more of the human ideal."

* * *

The Sir Boyle Roche of to-day is as rich in laughter-provoking absurdities of political oratory as was he of the eighteenth century. It was not very many years ago that an Assemblyman at Albany rose to address the house with the assertion that the previous speaker had used "the word 'parsimony' as a shibboleth with which to beat the laboring man." Of course 'shillalah' was what the speaker had in his mind's eye; but 'shibboleth' had an air of greater erudition and elegance. A certain Irish Unionist recently characterized a concession to the Nationalists as "the first stitch in the dismemberment of the Empire." Sir W. Hart Dyke is said to have complimented Mr. Lowther by saying that the latter "had caught a big fish in his net—and he went to the top of the tree for it." Even so skilful a speaker as Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, in replying to an opponent who had shaken his head in denial of some statement attributed to him: "No, no; it will not do for the honorable member to shake his head in the

teeth of his own words." And the present Prime Minister of England has to his credit the remark that "retribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on somebody's toes." Still another, from the Manchester "Guardian," to which we are already indebted: "An empty theatre of unsympathetic auditors" was a Unionist member's emphatic characterization of a small and unapplausive audience. It is a question for the psychologist to puzzle over, whether the perpetrator of bulls — quick-witted Irishman as he so often is — really blunders with his metaphors and is unconscious of his verbal absurdities, or whether it is not rather his embarrassment of rhetorical riches and his impatience of the time and care needed to display them to the best advantage that are the cause of his occasional commission of what the rhetoricians would call apophasis or paraleipsis, or, in some instances, oxymoron. Perhaps it is the laughers themselves who are sometimes dull. Surely, if the greatest of Roman orators could allow himself to say, as he did in his second oration against Catiline, "Quæ tecum . . . tacita loquitur," a public speaker of to-day ought to be allowed some latitude in the use of phrases that are now and then all the more telling because of their seeming self-contradiction or their depiction of the manifestly impossible.

• • •

A CONSOLATION FOR ARTISTIC SHORTCOMINGS in this land of the strenuous life is cheerfully pointed out by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin in her recent address at the Women Writers' Coronation Dinner in London. "I insist," she says, "upon finding inspiration for one thing in England, for another in France, for another in my own native air. The attitude of mind I have always believed in, is to answer, when anybody says how ugly Mrs. Blank's nose is, 'yes, but hasn't she a lovely complexion!' Must I hang my head because we are not producing great poets in America? I won't deny that I should like a great poet in the family better than anything in the world; but I refuse to be discouraged about the situation, knowing that the national imagination is spending itself in this half-century in invention, in research, in momentous enterprises. We do not rebuke the Elizabethan age for not having busied itself with telephones and wireless telegraphs, phonographs, turbine steamers, cancer hospitals, and open plumbing, but gratefully accept the rich heritage we did receive at its hands." Nevertheless anyone would feel prouder to have produced a Ninth Symphony than the gramophone on which it is mechanically reproduced, and to have written a "Tintern Abbey" than to have built the highest skyscraper in the world. Mrs. Wiggin's consolatory words remind us — though the story is not quite apropos, and the illustration is not exactly just — of a certain small boy, the least gifted of three children, who, when the others were exhibiting their vocal and instrumental accomplishments for the entertainment of guests, made exultant answer to an inquiry as to what he could do: "I can squeak my shoe!" Our achievements in science and industry, considerable though they are, are not precisely what we should point to in any international comparison of literary or artistic genius; young though we are, we have other and less material products to be proud of.

• • •

AN ONSLAUGHT ON THE PHILISTINES has been made by that distinguished psychologist and father of an infant prodigy, Dr. Boris Sidis. His little book, "Philistine and Genius," will serve as a sort of counterblast against the recent much larger book of the Chicago manufacturer, Mr. Crane, who apparently has as little use for polite culture as Dr. Sidis has for the bread-and-butter or vocational courses now in the ascendant. The one would have our educational system still further commercialized; the other deplores its already too pronounced utilitarian tendency. "It is certainly unfortunate," says Dr. Sidis, "that the favored type of superintendent of our public education should be such a hopeless philistine, possessed of all the conceit of the mediocre business man. Routine is his ideal. Originality is spurned and suppressed." And further, hitting at educators somewhat higher up than public school superintendents, he declares that "business men are no more competent to run schools and colleges than astronomers are fit to run hotels and theatres." If it be indeed true that we are rapidly becoming "a crowd of well-drilled, well-disciplined, commonplace individuals, with strong philistine habits and notions of hopeless mediocrity," then there is cause for alarm, and crying need of such awakening calls to higher things as is sounded in trumpet tones by Dr. Sidis's book. The danger of routine, of institutionalism, of subservience to convention, and of all like forms of torpidity and living death, is an ever-present one; and even if not quite so imminent and alarming just now as the eloquent author believes, yet such utterances as his are seldom untimely.

• • •

TAKING ONE'S FICTION SERIOUSLY — that is, with something of the earnestness and eagerness of a child listening to a fairy tale — is indispensable to the hearty enjoyment of a novel and to entire absorption in its pages. Commenting on the recent establishment of a professorship of fiction by the Royal Society of Literature, and on the appointment of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson to be its first incumbent, the London "Times" cordially approves of the move, which it hopes will tend to make the English cherish greater respect for the novelist's art and to regard it with somewhat of the seriousness accorded to it in France. That a professorship of fiction can produce fiction-writers of genius, is not hoped for; but that it can make fiction-readers of discrimination and of more exalted ideals than those at present held by the mass of English devotees to the novel and the short-story, is expected with some

confidence. And yet if it is true that the English already are too much inclined to take their pleasure sadly, and if it is also true, as the "Times" admits, that they do not feel the Frenchman's keen delight in a novel for the simple sake of the story and the charm of its telling, but are even yet too fond of the moralizing or the didactic or the otherwise purpose-concealing novel of the Kingsley or Reade type, how can they, by any amount of taking-thought under the tuition of a professor of fiction, add the smallest fraction of a cubit unto their stature as lovers of pure romance? Not tuition, but intuition, would seem to be lacking. Nevertheless, to a man of genius, even though tied to a professor's chair, all things are possible; and it is with interest and with hopes for good results that we shall watch the course pursued by Professor Benson.

* * *

A PROMISING FIELD FOR THE BOOK-WAGON lies open, and as yet, so far as we know, uninvaded, in Vermont. In the few regions in which it has been tried elsewhere — and conspicuously in Washington County, Maryland — the library on wheels has proved a success. Agricultural and intellectual Vermont, with its toiling population, little more than that of the single city of Cincinnati, scattered over nine thousand square miles of mountain and valley, could make good use of at least fourteen well-stocked book-wagons — one for each county. It is true that of the State's two hundred and forty-six cities and townships, one hundred and seventy-nine (or possibly a few more now) have public libraries, while seventeen of the less fortunate minority have travelling-library stations; but there must still be thousands of families too far distant from book collections of any sort to be able to get sight of an attractive work of literature from year's end to year's end. To such, the book-wagon — or why might it not now be the speedier book-automobile? — would be a heaven-sent blessing, a glad distraction in the soul-deadening monotony of New England farm life, and the spiritual salvation of many. At a recent conference of Vermont librarians at Northfield, one of the speakers pointed out the need of the book-wagon in the Green Mountain State, as one of the most efficient methods of counteracting the stagnation or retrogression which loyal sons of Vermont have lately been lamenting.

* * *

ANOTHER FOREIGN TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM JAMES takes the form of a book on his personality and his service to science, from the pen of M. Emile Boutroux, psychologist of note and member of the French Institute. Highly as Professor James was rated by many of his fellow-countrymen, he was held in still higher esteem abroad. Professor Royce has told of the eagerness with which the members of European and international conventions of philosophers demanded to see and hear "Veelliam Shames"; and his death was followed by notable appreciative and laudatory reviews of his life-work in foreign scientific journals. As M. Boutroux's little book is written by one who knew and loved William James in his lifetime, and was well able to understand the significance of his friend's services to humanity, it should find many readers in this country, and indeed deserves to be translated and republished here — a congenial task for some one of the master's many disciples. His French admirer dwells especially on the harmony between James the savant and author, and James the man. "As he talked, so he wrote," and to him, if to anyone, could be applied the words of Pascal: "It is delightful, when one expects to see an author, to find a man."

* * *

A SIGN OF THE TIMES AT YALE — the college founded two hundred and ten years ago by ten Connecticut parsons for the education in godly learning of worthy young men, many of whom as almost a matter of course turned their academic training to the service of religion, and a considerable number of whom made a name for themselves in some department of literature — is the now threatened preponderance of the scientific department, or Sheffield Scientific School, over the department of arts and letters. At the recent commencement, the latter did indeed graduate a few more students than the former; but next year the tables will be turned, as the class of 1912 numbers at present but two hundred and seventy-six members in the academic or literary section, against three hundred and twenty-seven in the Sheffield School. So unmistakably has the complexion of the times changed since the Rev. Abraham Pierson of Killingworth, the first Rector of the "Collegiate School of Connecticut," received into his home a few youths of promise in the year 1701, fifteen years before the official seat of said school was changed from Saybrook to New Haven, and seventeen years before its name became the one now known around the world.

* * *

DICKENS AS REMEMBERED BY HIS SON, Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, is likely in the near future to be the subject of some interesting lectures in this country. The son, who has been living in Australia for forty years, contemplates visiting America; and if his visit and his public talks on his father should fall in the centennial year of the latter's birth, there would be a peculiar timeliness and probably an assured monetary success in the plan that might combine to render the younger Dickens's impressions of our country and its people somewhat more favorable than were the elder's. Among his auditors, too, there would perhaps be at least a sprinkling of those who had listened to his famous father in his American reading tour of forty-four years ago.

* * *

A MIDSUMMER SYMPOSIUM OF LIBRARIANS from all parts of Wisconsin and the neighboring States has been planned for the two weeks from July 12 to July 26, under the direction of the Wisconsin Library Commission. The quarters of the Wisconsin Library School at Madison will be the scene of

this conference, to which all interested in its discussions are invited. A promising list of topics for lecture and debate has been prepared, and if this is not enough to whet the intellectual appetite there are other attractions in the programme of the University Summer Session at the same time and place. A leaflet giving details of subjects and speakers for the library conference has been printed, and this, with any further information desired, may be had by applying to Miss Mary E. Hazeltine, of the Wisconsin Library Commission, at Madison. The remoteness of Pasadena from the centre of American library activity made it impossible for some hitherto constant attendants at the A. L. A. conference to be present at this year's gathering, and it is hoped that this Madison convention will partly make good their loss, especially for librarians in the Middle West.

* * *

A POET'S LOG CABIN has been one of the less conspicuous sights of Washington, D. C., ever since Joaquin Miller, now seventy years old and confined to a sick-bed in his California hillside home, built and occupied it almost forty years ago because he found himself uncomfortable in a house of the conventional pattern and with the conventional domestic equipment. On the high land near Sixteenth Street and Florida Avenue, on a piece of ground now owned by our ambassador to France, the songster of the Sierras found pure air and an unobstructed view in those early journalistic days of his exceedingly varied life, long before the wealth and fashion of the capital city had discovered, as it now has, that no finer sites than such a one as the eccentric writer had chosen could be desired for their suburban mansions. But this discovery of course means that the Joaquin Miller cabin must go; and accordingly the California State Society of the city of Washington has taken steps to remove the structure to Rock Creek Park, where it is hoped it will long be preserved as a characteristic memento of its one-time distinguished occupant.

* * *

A TRIUMPH FOR SPELLING REFORM is announced by the "Simplified Spelling Bulletin" in the conversion of the "Ladies Home Journal" to the cause; and the "Bulletin" has "herd a rumor" of other cheering conquests. The prospects regarding "Milwaukee spelling" are reported as encouraging, and the cause is making headway in Canada among papers "hitherto hostil" to the idea. It appears that the established method of spelling makes English "a foren tung," and the only cure is to have "every word sounded as it is speld"—a reform which ought to be easy for a movement which has "all the sense and all the lerning" on its side. Among other entertaining matter in the "offishal organ" of the Simplified Spelling Board is an account of a dinner recently given in New York, at which "condenst items were red," and the "catalog of vittles" was "intersperst" with wise and witty remarks, notably those of "the lerned and versatil Tresurer," at which "abundant streams of wit and humor gusht forth." In the language of that pioneer of reformed spelling, Artemus Ward, "let her gush!"

* * *

THE PAINSTAKING "LUCAS MALET" has won for herself, by giving so much time and care to her rarely-appearing novels, a position of some distinction in literature. That she is, in real life, Mrs. St. Leger Harrison and daughter of Charles Kingsley, is well-known; that she has for four years been engaged on a novel to be called "Adrian Savage," which her readers hope to see published in the Autumn, may not be so well known. It is described as a study of character rather than a narrative of events, and as treating certain recent developments in religious thought, in art, and in the position of women. The hero is a young Anglo-Frenchman of literary tastes and pursuits, and some will be glad to be told in advance that his fortunes have a happy rather than an unhappy issue. Mrs. Harrison not unnaturally expects this product of her four or more years of labor to be her masterpiece. That it will be a strong book, as coming from the pen that wrote "Sir Richard Calmady," is almost a foregone conclusion; but that it will not go to certain extremes (we will call them extremes of "realism") attained in that powerful story, is a hope entertained by some of us.

* * *

THE PASSING OF A SCHOLAR AND TEACHER like Hiram Corson, professor emeritus of English literature at Cornell University, who died on the fifteenth of June, in his eighty-fourth year, is a loss that cannot easily be made good. It is forty-one years since Professor Corson was called to Ithaca as professor of rhetoric and oratory, and for thirty-three of those years he was in active service as teacher of various allied subjects in the English department of the university. That he was an inspiring instructor no one can doubt who came under his personal influence or who has read any of his various works in interpretation of the great poets. His "Primer of English Verse," published nearly twenty years ago, is widely known and valued, as are also his studies in Tennyson and Browning, which are said to have been commended by the poets themselves. He wrote much for the periodical press, and his contributions to THE DIAL were always welcome.

* * *

DIAZ THE LIBRARIAN is far less known to the world than Diaz the soldier and the ruler of Mexico. Yet for a time, when he was pursuing his law studies at the Oaxaca Law Institute, he held the office of Librarian of the Institute, being appointed to it by the governor of the district at a critical moment in the young man's arduous course of self-training for higher destinies. Without this timely aid from Governor Juarez, Porfirio Diaz would have been sorely pressed to find the means to defray the expenses of his law course. It was the same friendly

intercession that secured for him some rudimentary instruction in the military school at Oaxaca. Librarianship as a stepping stone to the presidency of one's country is certainly out of the ordinary.

* * *

IRVING'S "HEADLESS HORSEMAN'S BRIDGE" in the heart of Sleepy Hollow will soon be rebuilt as a memorial to the author who made it famous. Mr. William Rockefeller has offered to give ten thousand dollars toward the construction of a bridge of granite and steel to perpetuate the memory of Washington Irving, — or, rather, he has offered to defray the entire cost of such a memorial himself; but the people of Tarrytown apparently wish to have a hand in the meritorious undertaking, and a popular subscription has been started there. Thus is our broad land slowly but surely becoming dotted with memorials that shall erelong relieve the nakedness of its traditionless youth, even though for many years still we shall continue to cross the ocean for a sight of ancient and mediæval ruins.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN ON HIMSELF.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Some time since I prepared a paper on William De Morgan for our college faculty club, "The Wranglers." A few weeks ago a copy of this effusion was forwarded to Mr. De Morgan, and I have been made happy by the receipt of a letter which I append, as some parts of it will certainly interest all good and true De Morganites.

ASA DON DICKINSON.

State College of Washington, June 18, 1911.

127 Church St., Chelsea, S. W., June 1, 1911.

DEAR MR. DICKINSON: — Your valuable and valued notice of my performances had the narrowest escape of never being read by its subject! For it came to the above address during my winter absence in Italy, which has only just come to an end—it has included spring—and was shovelled by my caretaker here into a hideous mass of enclosures, chiefly advertisements, which are awaiting my examination — and I hope I may find something else only half as interesting as your paper!

You are quite right in accounting J. Vance my best work, and I am satisfied that it will remain so. The conditions under which it was written can never recur. I am encumbered now not only with my *rapports* with criticism, but — even more — by the constant question, "Have I or have I not written all this before?" My memory of what I *have* written is unsound, and it does not do for a writer to repeat himself.

There are one or two points resulting from newspaper enthusiasm for making statements that have crept into your text. I wish I had time to go through it with correction and send you the result. Just one or two things I will mention. My Frend grandfather certainly never endeavored to suppress the "rebellion" in the States. Catch him at it! He was an incarnate rebel himself. My father was not born on an island off Java, but at Madura, in the Madras Presidency. The story of Campbell De M. forgetting people's names is owing to confusing him with another relation, of whom I must have told the story. Sophia Elizabeth De M. was my mother; the fairy stories were by my sister Mary De M. I never spoke to Tennyson in my life — worse luck! 'And had only the privilege of mere acquaintance with Swinburne. Carlyle was a neighbor and I saw him fairly frequently.

I have in vain besought many interviewers to invent whatever they like about me, but not to bother me for data. What earthly use is a substratum of fact?

It is no use correcting the story that the MS. of J. V. was typed after a publisher had rejected it! I never trust a MS. out of hands till it exists in duplicate.

But I have no time to write at my full length. So must thank you again heartily for sending me your paper, and remain. Yours v'y gratefully,

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

THE PURPOSE OF "WORLD LITERATURE."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

May I point out an apparent misconception as to the purpose of my work on "World Literature" in the current issue of your journal? The writer (page 480) describes the work as too erudite "for the class of readers for whom the book is intended," and a few lines further on seems to imply that the class for whom it is intended is "Reading Clubs and Chautauquas." The argument of the Preface is that "such World Literature belongs to every stage of culture, from the most elementary to the most advanced"; and the section of the book on "The Place of World Literature in Education" is mainly occupied with its application to the curricula of universities. A misconception of the scope of the work emanating from so influential a source as THE DIAL might seriously limit the chances of the book's obtaining the attention of the classes for whom it is intended.

R. G. MOULTON.

University of Chicago, June 23, 1911.

MORE POETIC RESEMBLANCES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The comparison of verses by W. G. Brown and Emily Dickinson, as printed in THE DIAL of May 16 and June 16, to which attention was called by a correspondent in the last issue, reminds me that I have a third counterpart to offer. It is a waif, and authorless, so far as I know. It was printed on a torn newspaper fragment I once picked up on revisiting an old camping spot in Wisconsin overlooking the Sugar River.

GRATITUDE.

If a pilgrim has been shadowed
  By a tree that I have nursed,
If a cup of clear cold water
  I have raised to lips athirst,
If I've planted one sweet flower
  By an else too barren way,
If I've whispered, in the midnight,
  One sweet word to tell of day,
If in one poor bleeding bosom
  I a woe-swept chord have stilled,
If one dark and restless spirit
  I with hope of heaven have filled,
If I've made, for life's hard battle,
  One faint heart grow brave and strong,
Then, my God, I thank Thee, bless Thee,
  For the precious gift of song.

Does anyone know the author of this piece?

McGregor, Iowa, June 20, 1911. S. V. KIDDER.

The New Books.

WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

To the voluminous bibliography of Richard Wagner including a legion of titles, to the six-volume official biography of the composer by Glasenapp, the ten volumes of his own writings, and the twelve volumes of his letters to publishers and friends, is now added his autobiography in two bulky volumes, under the simple title "My Life." The genesis and development of these volumes are of unusual interest. They cover his life and career from 1813 to 1864, based upon notes and a diary kept after 1835, and now appear after forty years of silence. They were dictated, in 1873, to Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, who was married to Wagner, after her divorce from Von Bülow, in 1869. As Wagner died in 1883, the story of his life therefore has remained untold for nineteen years.

Twelve copies of the book were printed forty years ago, four of which were given to intimate friends and eight to Cosima, with the understanding that they should not be made public until a stated time after Wagner's death. It is to be regretted that he did not tell the whole story, for the omitted portion includes his relations with Ludwig, his royal patron, and his domestic life with Cosima, to both of whom the barest reference is made. On reading this interesting and at times fascinating autobiography, one cannot help wishing Wagner had told the story of his relations with Ludwig as circumstantially as he has told that of his youth and early manhood, and that of his life with Cosima as intimately and frankly as he has described his experiences with the unfortunate Minna Planer, his first wife, and his alleged platonic friendship with Mme. Wesendonck.

The story of Wagner's early life is one of the most interesting portions of the autobiography. He frankly confesses his dissipations, quarrels, and youthful horseplay, "the outward ugliness and inward emptiness of which make me marvel to this day." He makes no concealment of his early passion for gambling, and the dishonest use of his mother's pension, of which he was trustee, at the gaming table. By good fortune he won this money back. He never gambled again. He contritely says:

"No sense of shame deterred me from telling my mother, to whom I presented her money, the whole truth about this decisive night. I voluntarily confessed my sin, in having utilized her pension, sparing no detail. She folded her hands and thanked God for His mercy, and forthwith regarded me as saved, believing it impossible for me ever to commit such a crime again.

"And, truth to tell, gambling had lost all fascination for me from that moment. The world, in which I had moved like one demented, suddenly seemed stripped of all interest or attraction. My rage for gambling had already made me quite indifferent to the usual student's vanities, and when I was freed from this passion also, I suddenly found myself face to face with an entirely new world.

"To this world I belonged henceforth: it was the world of real and serious musical study, to which I now devoted myself heart and soul."

Equally frank is he in describing his duellistic encounters, his early love affairs, the details of which show that his love-making was decidedly practical rather than romantic, and his early attempts at writing poems and dramas of the most turgid and sensational sort, which greatly distressed his mother and frequently exposed him to the ridicule of friends and relatives.

At last, however, Wagner found himself. Among the occasional visitors to the house was Weber, of whom we have this picture:

"Weber's really refined, delicate, and intellectual appearance excited my ecstatic admiration. His narrow face and finely cut features, his vivacious though often half closed eyes, captivated and thrilled me; while even the bad limp with which he walked, and which I often noticed from our windows when the master was making his way home past our house from the fatiguing rehearsals, stamped the great musician in my imagination as an exceptional and almost superhuman being. When, as a boy of nine, my mother introduced me to him, and he asked me what I was going to be, whether I wanted perhaps to be a musician, my mother told him that, though I was indeed quite mad on 'Freischütz,' yet she had as yet seen nothing in me which indicated any musical talent."

Weber's music made the first appeal to Wagner. He says: "'Der Freischütz' in particular appealed very strongly to my imagination mainly on account of its ghostly theme. The emotions of terror and the dread of ghosts formed quite an important factor in the development of my mind." He never lost his reverence for that great master and father of German music.

After Weber's death (1826), an event which greatly distressed Wagner, he came under the influence of Beethoven, of whom and his music he says:

"It was now Beethoven's music that I longed to know more thoroughly; I came to Leipzig and found his music to 'Egmont' on the piano at my sister Louisa's. After that I tried to get hold of his sonatas. At last, at a concert at the Gewandhaus, I heard one of the master's symphonies for the first time; it was the symphony in A major. The effect on me was indescribable. To this must be added the impression produced on me

* MY LIFE. By Richard Wagner. In two volumes, with portraits. Authorized translation from the German. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

by Beethoven's features, which I saw in the lithographs that were circulated everywhere at that time, and by the fact that he was deaf, and lived a quiet, secluded life. I soon conceived an image of him in my mind as a sublime and unique supernatural being, with whom none could compare. This image was associated in my brain with that of Shakespeare; in ecstatic dreams I met both of them, saw and spoke to them, and on awakening found myself bathed in tears."

It was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, however, rather than the music of "Egmont" or the A Major Symphony, which made the deepest impression upon the young Wagner. He writes:

"Beethoven's Ninth Symphony became the mystical goal of all my strange thoughts and desires about music. I was first attracted to it by the opinion prevalent among musicians, not only in Leipzig but elsewhere, that this work had been written by Beethoven when he was already half mad. It was considered the *non plus ultra* of all that was fastastic and incomprehensible, and this was quite enough to rouse in me a passionate desire to study this mysterious work. At the very first glance at the score, of which I obtained possession with much difficulty, I felt irresistibly attracted by the long-sustained pure fifths with which the first phrase opens: these chords, which, as I have related above, had played such a supernatural part in my childish impressions of music, seemed in this case to form a spiritual keynote of my life."

Years afterward, the Ninth Symphony and Schröder-Devrient's singing in "Fidelio" aroused in Wagner the ambition to compose something which would give him a similar satisfaction. He says:

"In this mood I sketched an overture to 'Faust' which, according to my original scheme, was only to form the first part of a whole Faust Symphony, as I had already got the 'Gretchen' idea in my head for the second movement. This is the same composition that I re-wrote in several parts fifteen years later; I had forgotten all about it, and I owed its reconstruction to the advice of Liszt, who gave me many valuable hints."

One more influence, and a powerful one, which came into Wagner's young life is thus referred to:

"I came across Mozart's 'Requiem' which formed the starting point of my enthusiastic absorption in the works of that master. His second finale to 'Don Juan' inspired me to include him in my spirit world. I was now filled with a desire to compose, as I had before been to write verse . . . My future distinction would be to win the titles of conductor and writer of operas."

Thus early did Wagner forecast his future.

Space does not allow even the sketching of Wagner's musical career or the great results which he accomplished. Indeed, these volumes add but little to what is already known of Wagner as a composer. The story is so familiar that many of the pages devoted to it are dry and monotonous, though they give us interesting glimpses of the master in his workshop and of his constructive methods. It would have been interesting to have his critical estimate of his contemporaries: but he only alludes to a few, and briefly at that. He expresses generous appreciation of Mendelssohn, but is somewhat indifferent toward Schumann. He was inclined to think that

"Halévy was simply a man whose youthful talent was only stimulated to achieve one great success with the object of becoming rich . . . Only once did Halévy speak to me with real candor, when, on my tardy departure for Germany, he wished me the success he thought my works deserved."

Of Spontini's conducting, he says:

"Spontini's method was based upon the absolutely correct system (which even at the present time is misunderstood by some German orchestras) of spreading the string quartette over the whole orchestra. This system further consisted in preventing the brass and percussion instruments from culminating in one point (and drowning each other) by dividing them on both sides, and by placing the more delicate wind instruments at a judicious distance from each other, thus forming a chain between the violins."

For a long time he entertained a dislike for Berlioz, and pronounced him a vulgar time-beater; but a performance of the "Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale" convinced him of "the greatness and enterprise of this incomparable artist." The overpowering brass effects in this composition evidently attracted him. He wasted no love upon Meyerbeer or his music, though Meyerbeer was very good to him when he was in dire straits in Paris. When Wagner first saw "The Prophet," he got up in the middle of an act and left the house. "I was filled with rage and despair at the thought that I should be called upon to listen to such a thing, and never again did I pay the slightest heed to this opera." He pays a left-handed compliment to Gounod after the failure of his own "Tannhauser" in Paris:

"With Gounod alone did I still continue on friendly terms, and I heard that he energetically championed my cause in society. He is said on one occasion to have exclaimed: '*Que Dieu me donne une pareille chute!*' As an acknowledgment of this advocacy I presented him with the score of 'Tristan und Isolde,' being all the more gratified by his behaviour because no feeling of friendship had ever been able to induce me to hear his 'Faust.'"

It is astonishing to read Wagner's only allusion to Brahms. Did he, like Schumann, recognize in him another musical Messiah, and "new paths"? On the eve of a concert in Vienna, Wagner needed copyists. Tausig mentioned Brahms, "recommending him as a 'very good fellow,' who, although he was so famous himself, would willingly take over a part of their [the other copyists'] work, and a selection from the

'Meistersinger' was accordingly allotted to him. And, indeed, Brahms's behaviour proved unassuming and good-natured, but he showed little vivacity and was often hardly noticed at our gatherings."

As already said, the Autobiography throws little new light upon Wagner the musician. His multitude of friends and his equal multitude of enemies have taken good care that posterity shall know him from that point of view, though it may be affirmed that the "music of the future" is the music of the present, the impressionists and ultra-modernists to the contrary notwithstanding. Taken as a whole, however, we get a good impression of Wagner the man. He was a lover of the fantastic, and his favorite story-writers were Grimm and Hoffman. He was greatly inclined to mysticism, with occasional demoniacal tendencies. He says:

"From my earliest childoood certain mysterious and uncanny things exercised an enormous influence over me. If I were left alone in a room for long, I remember that, when gazing at lifeless objects such as pieces of furniture, and concentrating my attention upon them, I would suddenly shriek out with fright, because they seemed to me alive."

Of an experience in Spezia, in 1859, he writes:

"Suddenly I seemed to be sinking in swift-running water. The rushing water took on the musical sound of an E flat major chord, which was tossed hither and thither by the waves, and continually breaking up into melodious variations of ever-increasing movement, yet never losing the perfect harmony of the chord, which, by its pertinacity, appeared to wish to impart some infinite signification to the element in which I was sinking. With the sensation of waves rearing high above my head, I awoke in a fright from the trance. Then I immediately recognized that the orchestral prelude to 'Das Rheingold,' which had long been in me, but which I had never been able to properly find, had arisen."

Notwithstanding the grim earnestness of Wagner, his humor was always good natured, as is evidenced by many playful allusions to musicians he met. He greatly loved animals. His gray parrot nearly restored peace in his relations with Minna his wife, — for "this sociable bird, which had no vices and was an apt scholar," together "with a pretty little dog, born on the day of the first 'Rienzi' rehearsal in Dresden, did much to brighten our dwelling in the absence of children. My wife soon taught the bird snatches of songs from 'Rienzi,' with which it would good naturedly greet me from a distance when it heard me coming up the stairs." He had an intense affection for his little dog Peps, and devotes much space to a description of Peps's last hours, and his interment in the landlady's garden, where he was buried with his basket and cushions. Four years later, Wagner revisited the spot, but found no trace of his "little friend's" grave, much to his regret.

The Autobiography is replete with Wagner's wretched experiences with Minna. They quarrelled up to the hour of the wedding; they came near quarrelling during the ceremony; they quarrelled ever after like cat and dog. He accuses her of infidelity, and intimates that Netta, whom she passed off as her sister, was in reality her own daughter. She did not understand him nor sympathize with him. He says:

"I always felt somewhat distressed, uncomfortable, and ill at ease, whenever I tried to pass a few pleasant hours in the society of my wife. . . . The strange power she exercised over me from the very first was in no wise due to the fact that I regarded her in any way as the embodiment of my ideal; on the contrary, she attracted me by the soberness and seriousness of her character, which supplemented what I felt to be wanting in my own, and afforded me the support that in my wanderings after the ideal I knew to be necessary for me."

Perhaps this explains one of the causes of Wagner's wretchedness. He was wandering after the ideal, and she after the real. In their pathetic life in Paris, Minna did all she could to keep his head above water, and their mutual privations, which she endured with more courage than her husband, brought them nearer together. Perhaps they might have lived with each other some years longer; but Madam Wesendonck now comes into his life, and his intimacy with her — which he contends was innocent, though more than once it provoked discord in the Wesendonck household — at last roused Minna's furious jealousy of his affinity, and the separation was inevitable. Wagner describes his life with Minna with the most brutal frankness, and with as close detail as if he were on the witness-stand. Assuming all he says of Minna to be true, yet he knew all about her before he married her. She may have been his intellectual inferior; this he also knew. She was not of the kind to make a good wife; neither was he of the kind to make a good husband. Musicians who marry actresses usually make a mess of it. She did much for him; it cannot be said, however, that he did much if anything for her. The honest reader will remember that Wagner had the last word. There is no Minna Planer, or friend of Minna Planer's, to tell her side of the story. *Audi alteram partem.* The sad part of it is that we cannot. Evidently Wagner has presented these

sordid and pathetic details in self-justification. Whether or not he has succeeded must be left to the reader.

And now Cosima comes into his life, with whom he is to "live happy ever after" as the story-books say. But of her we first hear only this:

"While I was singing 'Wotan's Abschied' to my friends I noticed the same expression on Cosima's face as I had seen on it, to my astonishment, in Zurich on a similar occasion, only the ecstacy of it was transfigured into something higher. Everything connected with this was shrouded in silence and mystery; but the belief that she belonged to me grew to such certainty in my mind that when I was under the influence of more than ordinary excitement my conduct betrayed the most reckless gayety. As I was accompanying Cosima to the hotel across a public square I suddenly suggested she should sit in an empty wheelbarrow which stood in the street, so that I might wheel her to the hotel. She assented in an instant. My astonishment was so great that I felt all my courage desert me, and was unable to carry out my mad project."

Near the close of the second volume Wagner refers briefly to Cosima again at a time when he was visiting the Bülows in 1863.

"As Bülow had to complete the preparations to his concert, I drove out alone with Cosima on the promenade, as before, in a fine carriage. This time all our jocularity died away into silence. We gazed speechless into each other's eyes; an intense longing for an avowal of the truth mastered us and led to a confession — which needed no words — of the boundless unhappiness which oppressed us."

Still briefer is Wagner's allusion to King Ludwig which forms the closing sentence in the Autobiography. After a short statement of the circumstances attending his invitation to meet Ludwig, he says:

"On the same day I had received the most urgent warnings against returning to Vienna. But my life was to have no more of these alarms; the dangerous road along which fate beckoned me to such great ends was not destined to be clear of troubles and anxieties of a kind unknown to me heretofore, but I was never again to feel the weight of the everyday hardships of existence under the protection of my exalted friend."

In summing up this extraordinary Autobiography — extraordinary for its frankness, its confessions, its honesty, its self-unsparingness —it must be called a plain tale of a life which is laid bare to the minutest detail, in the most unegotistic manner, and has been written evidently because the hero of the story felt it necessary that posterity should understand him and that history should present him in a true light, nothing extenuating, and setting down naught in malice. Another impression that must inevitably come to the reader is of Wagner's literary skill. A musician once said of Theodore Thomas, that one of the greatest violinists in the world was lost in the making of one of the greatest conductors. It may similarly be said of Wagner, that one of the most skilful literary artists in the world was lost in the making of one of the greatest composers. Weinlich, one of Wagner's early teachers, said to him: "Probably you will never write fugues or canons; but what you have mastered is independence. You can now stand alone." That independence was manifest all through Wagner's life, and impressed itself upon all his contemporaries as in the case of no other composer since Beethoven. In all his voluminous writings, he has never written better, or clearer, or with more literary skill, than in the book he dictated to Cosima. It should be supplemented by another, telling the story of his life from 1864 to 1883, with which no one is more familiar, and for which no one has ampler material than Cosima.

No autobiography was needed to establish Wagner's musical fame as the greatest operatic composer of the nineteenth century. He is an epoch-maker like Bach and Beethoven. He has indelibly stamped his influence upon operatic music and permanently changed its course. He has restored the old Grecian artistic unity, and reinforced and symmetrized the art of music by bringing other art-forms into harmony with it. As I have said in another place, he has abolished conventional forms and "substituted a poetry full of music and a music full of poetry; and both are exquisitely set forth against a pictorial background where illusion is almost lost in reality." Wagner had no need to justify his music. If it were necessary to justify himself, it must be acknowledged that he has done so frankly and courageously, and with the assurance that characterizes one who has sublime faith in himself. Like Horace, he might have added to the story of "My Life," "*Exegi monumentum perennius ære.*"

GEORGE P. UPTON.

A NEW TEXT OF POE'S POEMS.*

The claim has been made for more than one edition of Poe that it contains every scrap of Poe's writings; and it was predicted a good many years ago by one of Poe's editors that no "new and well-authenticated poem" from his pen would ever again be found. Yet Mr. J. H.

*THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Collected, edited, and arranged, with memoir, textual notes, and bibliography, by J. H. Whitty. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whitty has brought together in his recent edition of Poe's verses a full half-dozen new poems. None of these possesses much intrinsic worth, and one is a fragment of only three lines; but Mr. Whitty's feat is, nevertheless, a notable one. Two of the new poems were discovered in manuscript copies in the desk used by Poe while editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger"; three were published in magazines with which Poe was connected; and one is from an obscure periodical published at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1848. Included in the edition, also, are the two skits addressed by Poe to his Baltimore cousin, Elizabeth Herring, and the two songs from Poe's tale, "Four Beasts in One," hitherto ignored by editors of the poems.

Scarcely less remarkable than the discovery of these poems is the disclosure of a number of new variant readings. These are drawn in part from manuscripts until now either unknown or inaccessible to the editors, in part from sundry printed versions of the poems heretofore quite overlooked by both editors and bibliographers. The most interesting of these are versions of "The Raven" and "Dream-Land" published in the Richmond "Examiner" in the autumn of 1849, and texts of twelve other poems which were intended for publication in the "Examiner" and are preserved in revised proofs made for that purpose. Here also are recorded for the first time the variant readings found in the "Flag of our Union," a file of which was discovered several summers ago in Washington (see "The Nation" of December 30, 1910). Other new readings are furnished by the Baltimore "Saturday Morning Visiter" for 1833, the London "Critic" for 1845, the Richmond "Whig" for 1849, and "Leaflets of Memory" for 1850.

Mr. Whitty has also collected a good deal of fresh information about Poe's life. The chief source of this information is the manuscript "Recollections of E. A. Poe" by F. W. Thomas, now at last become available. These reminiscences tend to corroborate Poe's story of a trip to Europe in 1827, which most of Poe's editors have believed to be apocryphal; and they also furnish valuable information about Poe's activities in Baltimore during the obscure years following his expulsion from West Point in 1831. From other sources — mainly newspapers of the time — new particulars are brought out about Poe's relations with Mrs. Osgood and Mrs. Shelton. A number of unpublished letters are drawn on for new details about his early life in Richmond. An interesting theory advanced is that the "Lines Written in an Album," published in the "Messenger" in September, 1835, were really inspired by Virginia Clemm, and not by Eliza White, as has been generally assumed. It is also suggested that Poe's father either had died or had deserted his family before the summer of 1811.

Where so much was attempted, it was inevitable that some errors should creep in. The chief of these appear in the appendix. In the textual notes there are a number of misprints and some slight inaccuracies. Among errors inherited from other editions are the spelling *Petrarchmanities* for "Petrarchanities," in the variorum of "An Enigma" (p. 237); the substitution of "To" for "For" in the sixth line of the 1829 revision of "A Dream within a Dream" (p. 274), and of "Now" for "Nor" in the last stanza of the 1829 version of the lines beginning "I heed not that my earthly lot" (p. 279); and the omission of the line "Silent waterfalls" in the last stanza of the 1831 version of "Fairy-land" (p. 282). In the variorum for "The Raven" the readings for the "Southern Literary Messenger" (March, 1845) are overlooked. And it is open to question whether the editor has not erred sometimes in the selection of his text. In the case of "An Enigma," for example, the Griswold text must surely represent Poe's latest revision; the same holds true of the later lines "To Helen," unless we are to adopt the very improbable theory that Griswold deliberately interpolated a couple of lines of his own making. In two instances—in the last line of "Annabel Lee" and in the twenty-second line of "Spirits of the Dead" — the editor has rejected the reading of the text that he has adopted; in both instances, one must think, on insufficient grounds. In the bibliography, mention should be made of the text of "A Valentine" which appeared in the "Evening Mirror" for February 21, 1846; and of the excerpts from "Politian" in the "Southern Magazine" of November, 1875, and in the New York issue of J. H. Ingram's edition of the poems.

Aside from these defects, the edition is an admirable one, and should supersede all former editions of the poems. That it will come to be recognized as final, it would be rash to predict: where Mr. Whitty was able to garner so bountiful a harvest, it may fall to yet other laborers in the field to collect some small gleanings. But at least we may predict that no such feat as Mr. Whitty's will soon again be accomplished.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

Memoirs of a Confederate Brigadier.*

General Hagood, commander of the famous Hagood's Brigade of the Confederate Army, died in 1898. He had declined to permit the publication of his memoirs until after his death; a decision which was doubtless due to modesty on his part, but, in the judgment of the present writer, one to be regretted. In his Introduction, dated March 21, 1871, General Hagood tells us that the papers of his brigade "were preserved in the general wreck of Confederate military affairs," but adds: "These memoirs are not prepared for the printer; nor will they, or any part of them, while I control them, be made public." It is better, however, that a narrative should be published during the life-time of the writer, both for his sake and for the sake of his contemporaries; as thus an opportunity will be afforded for the correction of any mistakes that may have crept in.

But we are glad to have these stirring memoirs, even at this late date; and doubtless the surviving members of Hagood's Brigade are glad to have their war-records preserved. The work consists of two parts, the first covering the history of the First Regiment of South Carolina volunteers (twelve months' men), April 12, 1861 to April 12, 1862; and the second, the history of Hagood's Brigade, as it was organized on September 30, 1863, consisting of the 11th, 21st, 25th, and 27th regiments, and the 7th battalion (eight companies) of South Carolina volunteers, numbering 4,246 men. The history of the brigade begins properly with the campaign of 1864 in Virginia, the regiments having previously served on Morris Island in Charleston Harbor. They had there done all that was required of them; but a wider field of action was opened when they were transferred to Virginia, and they were put into a fight as soon as they reached Port Walthal Junction, on the 6th of May, 1864. "The brunt of this action fell upon Hagood's brigade; and in the progress of the narrative it will be seen that it saved Petersburg." General Hagood says (page 226): "The brigade did acquit itself well. It was its first fight upon Virginia soil, and a creditable letter of introduction to the battle-scarred veterans of Lee." Actions at Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, and on the lines of Bermuda Hundred, are described, and presently we reach the battle of Cold Harbor, where Hagood's brigade lost 16 killed, 103 wounded, and 9 missing, making an aggregate of 128 men. "Grant's severe losses and small success had a powerful effect on the Northern mind, and it is asserted by Federal historians that at this time the war was near a collapse, from which successes elsewhere alone saved it." An account of the battle of Petersburg follows, and a description is given of life in the trenches there, much more trying to the men than battle itself.

The battle of Weldon Road shortly followed, in which Hagood's brigade especially distinguished itself, and General Beauregard spoke of its commander in the highest terms. After a short rest in the rear, and after the taking of Fort Harrison, Hagood's brigade was transferred to the north side of James River, where it remained until the end of that year, when, with the rest of Hoke's division, it was sent to Wilmington to aid in the defense of Fort Fisher, although not stationed in the fort, but at Wilmington, in reserve. As Grant had now relieved Butler, a renewal of the attempt against Fort Fisher was made by Terry with about 8000 men. Bragg ordered Hoke to attack the enemy's new line, but the latter deemed the attempt inadvisable, and at Hoke's request Bragg reconnoitered it, and as he concurred with Hoke, the garrison was left to its fate. This necessitated the evacuation of Wilmington. Bragg returned to Richmond, leaving Hoke in command at Wilmington, and Hagood at Fort Anderson, some miles below; but on Hagood's advice this fort was evacuated, and a position taken up on Town Creek some six miles above, but it was not held long, and the Confederates withdrew to Kinston, on the Neuse River, between Newbern and Goldsboro.

Hoke's division, including Hagood's brigade, finally fell back to Smithfield and joined General Johnston's command. The remnants of Hood's army, some 5000 men; Hardee's forces, which had marched from Savannah and Charleston, 11,000 men; and Bragg's forces of 8000 men, with Wheeler's and Butler's 4000 cavalrymen, formed an army of 28,000 men with which to resist Sherman's 75,000. The battle of Bentonville followed, the last expiring effort of the Army of the West, and of all Confederate troops south of Virginia. In this battle Hagood's brigade lost 249 men killed, wounded, and missing; and soon afterwards General Hagood was sent to South Carolina to collect absentees. But it was too

*Memoirs of the War of Secession. From the Original Manuscripts of Johnson Hagood, Brigadier General C.S.A. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.

late. Hagood's farewell order was dated March 30, in which he informed his men that he should be absent forty days; but before that time elapsed, Lee had surrendered and the Southern Confederacy had no more use for soldiers.

General Hagood's memoirs close with extracts from the diary of Captain Storey, including General Johnston's Order of April 27th, announcing his "military convention" with General Sherman, which came to naught, and he surrendered on the same terms that Grant had extended to Lee.

The work concludes with a roster of the several regiments that constituted Hagood's brigade, a poem by Joseph Blyth Allston, entitled "Charge of Hagood's Brigade," written in the summer of 1864, soon after the charge referred to, "which was always considered by the brigade as their most desperate encounter," and two views of the monument erected to the brigade near Petersburg, Virginia. A long list of *Errata* is given, but a frequent one, "dr." for "pdr.," is omitted.

JAMES M. GARNETT.

CURRENTS OF THE SOCIAL UNDERWORLD.*

The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology, organized in 1910, starts upon its hopeful career with the establishment of a journal worthy of American scholarship, and with the publication in English of two strong works by European specialists. Spain, now thoroughly awake and eager to contribute to the growth of science, furnishes us an admirable presentation of "Modern Theories of Criminality," together with a useful and carefully selected and annotated bibliography which reveals wide and critical reading. The chief interest in criminology formerly centred in the criminal law; now the offender himself is in the focus of illumination and attention. The law-breaker is a puzzle to all, and especially to himself. At times he appears to be an inhabitant of some other world, here on a flying visit, and the universe where he is most at home is one where trees grow with roots in the air, blackbirds are white, and honor is awarded to evil; at another time he reminds us of something which has happened in our own minds and has come near to breaking out in action under dire stress. The trouble with our generalizations about criminals is that they are of so many patterns, and no one description will apply to all; their name is legion — for demons are many. Discrimination and classification must be the first study of those who would understand the underworld whose sulphur makes us all uncomfortable, and from whose mysterious depths our foes creep forth at night to rob, steal, cheat, and kill. We should like to ignore the entire disagreeable crowd, and sit by our cheerful hearths listening to sacred poets and to the prattle of our innocent children. But if we do go deeply into the history of the law-breaker, he becomes actually fascinating, as do the monstrous gargoyles which thrust their hideous faces out of gothic cathedrals. To understand the criminal we must dissect his body and soul, and observe how he acts in all kinds of weather, under temptation, at play, and while he lives the placid life of the prison.

Over this complex problem of criminal anthropology warring schools have set themselves in battle array. Now and then the smoke clears, and the antagonists shake hands like gentlemen and appropriate a larger fund of ideas. In time we have a synthesis; fragments are fitted into a provisional system which works fairly well in practice, but which, like a house built for a growing family, must often be repaired and enlarged. The intellectual activity in this field is amazing, and the book of our Spanish interpreter will enable a student to gain a swift and fairly complete view of the investigations and discussions. It is possible that little will be left of Lombroso's generalizations about the "born criminal" when his critics are through with him, but everyone must admit that such gadflies of irritating suggestion are rare in any century. It is forever impossible to go back to the notions of criminals which were assumed in the ancient law-books and systems of penology. The American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology has done wisely in starting its series of translations of books relating to its field of research with the remarkably clear, instructive, readable, and impartial analysis of "Modern Theories of Criminality," by Bernaldo de Quirós.

Passing to the learned and witty book of the great German jurist Hans Gross, we must be on our guard lest the title — through no fault of the author — mislead us. The title-page properly describes the work as a manual for judges, practitioners, and students; it is not de-

*THE MODERN CRIMINAL SCIENCE SERIES. First volumes: Modern Theories of Criminality, by C. Bernaldo de Quirós, translated from the Spanish by Alfonso de Salvio, with an Introduction by W. W. Smithers. Criminal Psychology, by Hans Gross, translated by Horace M. Kallen, with an Introduction by Joseph Jastrow. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

signed, nor is it wholly adapted, to penologists; its chief value is for the court. Indeed, the criminal is by no means the only personality under inspection: not only the person charged with crime, but also the witnesses on both sides, the examining lawyers, the editors who report and comment, and most of all the judge himself, are included in the survey. There is little of direct value to the prison warden or teacher in the book, although it can be studied by such officials with profit. Students of human nature, psychologists, teachers, parents, tradesmen, bankers, — any of us may find sceptical hints which will tend to make us cautious about believing too far in our senses or our neighbors. To go through life without being too often swindled, cheated, wronged, hurt, deceived, we must learn to interpret the outward signs of real thoughts and feelings and purposes of people we meet. The analogues of crime, and even crime itself, are matters of constant and universal concern. The banker who is asked for a credit must be able to discover, from all kinds of looks and gestures and information about habits and associates, what the borrower would probably do with the money. The adjuster of fire and life and accident insurance learns to be suave and suspicious. The foreman in a factory or the conductor of a train must guide his conduct in relation to others by what they reveal of their character, and by intuitions. In fact, success in life depends on this ability to judge men, and all of us try to cultivate it; even children do so. Hans Gross has given us a volume which gathers up homely proverbs, the studies of Darwin on the expression of the emotions, the results of experiments in psychological laboratories, the observations of those in charge of the insane and of criminals, and gives a scientific form to common knowledge. All this erudition is enlivened by shrewd hints, laughable situations, keen and even cynical criticism of human life. No one will claim that we have here at all points the last word of exact science in this field; but we do discover an indispensable and efficient method of research. The language is intelligible, and as free as possible from esoteric technical terms. Generally the conclusions can be tested by experiment in any court-room. The results are stated with so much caution that testimony seems to shrink in value. Shakespeare saw how easy it was to lie. "According to Helmholtz, the power of the full moon is not more than that of a candle twelve feet away. And how much people claim to have seen by moonlight!" The veracious man is not only one who desires to tell the fact, but takes pains to know the fact. Thus the criminalist offers instruction in morality.

Social defense means protection of the innocent from false charges arising from envy, hate, prejudice, passion, interest,—and, on the other hand, efforts to discover, identify, and convict the real authors of actions harmful to the community. A crime is an overt act; the worst and most dangerous man cannot be sent to prison as a convict on his evil reputation or because he has the "stigmata." The government prosecution must reproduce the story of the deed with sufficient fulness and evidence to prove beyond reasonable doubt that the accused stood in causal relation to the act as charged in the indictment. To reach this conclusion, numberless sources of error must be avoided, difficulties in perception and memory and judgment must be overcome, prejudice and revenge must be discounted. The work of Hans Gross renders a valuable service to social security by its profound and penetrating disclosures of the value of testimony, by its critical treatment of the sources of information, by its severe tests of accepted errors, and by its positive directions for discovering the truth in spite of all these perils. The English version of the book, by Mr. H. M. Kallen, is fitly introduced to American readers by Dr. Joseph Jastrow.

CHARLES RICHMOND HENDERSON.

SIXTY YEARS OF A MAN'S LIFE.*

A full and varied life, a retentive memory, and a gift of ready and apt expression, combine to make Mr. Adolphus G. C. Liddell's "Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal" one of the most readable and satisfactory books of its kind that this age, so rich in autobiographical outpourings, has produced. The writer, an Oxford man of literary and artistic tastes and accomplishments, but a barrister (somewhat against his will) by profession, has for the past twenty years or more been in the government service, holding the position of "Assistant Secretary in the combined Department of the Lord Chancellor's Office and the Crown Office." Other secretaryships, to various government commissions, preceded his present duties, and both officially and unofficially he has moved

*NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL. Being a Record of Things Done, Seen, and Heard at School, College, and in the World, during the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century. By A. G. C. Liddell, C.B. With portrait. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

about so constantly in the world as to bring him in contact with innumerable persons of note and to make him a participant in or a witness of many events of more than passing interest. It is by heredity, one infers, that he is possessed of a memory able to reproduce in realistic detail so many of the "things done, seen, and heard"; for he speaks of an uncle whose powers in this direction enabled him to repeat nearly the whole of Horace and Virgil, and to go on indefinitely when started at almost any verse in the Bible.

The thoroughly English quality of the man and his book may be indicated by a passage from his first days at Eton. What schoolboy of twelve outside of England would ever think of beginning his boarding-school (*Anglicè* public-school) life with the brewing of a cup of tea? He writes:

"Towards evening my father left me, and I had tea in my new abode. Seldom have I felt greater satisfaction with myself and my surroundings. I admired everything — the kettle, candlestick, and snuffers, stamped with the first and last letters of my name, the tea-cannister, the solid crockery, the knives and spoons, marked in the same way with a double L — L. After tea I canted one of the kitchen chairs against the wall — arm-chairs were not in those days allowed — and read by the light of the dip, feeling that I was at last an independent gentleman. I was occasionally surprised by one or two heads being poked in at the door and being suddenly withdrawn, but nothing happened till I went to bed.

"The second day was not so rosy, as I was subjected to the constant and often contemptuous interrogation of 'What's your name, and where do you board?'— and sometimes to the disquieting question of 'Do you take a licking?'"

An early sign of poetic aspirations in the Eton lad showed itself in a prize poem on "The Prince of Wales' Visit to America," from which we are favored with a few specimen lines:

"He sees the lions of the place, the falls,
He visits, lays foundations, goes to balls,
Dances with blundering damsels in quadrilles,
Makes shooting parties to the neighboring hills.
Ladies admire the beauty of his nose,
Gentlemen take pattern from his clothes."

Could any subsequent and more worthy performance in verse have caused the poet such thrills of pride and joy as this achievement in (not always perfect) rhyme? On the same page with these lines are three others which Mr. Liddell quotes, probably with a chuckle of even greater amusement. They are from an epic on David and Goliath, and were written "by a large boy with sandy whiskers and moustache, who was notoriously unscholastic." There is something in their "canine simplicity," as Mr. Liddell remarks, that strikes one as little short of Homeric.

"Tum dixit David, volo pugnare Goliath.
Respondit Saulus, non potes vincere monstrum.
Sed dixit David, ego possum vincere monstrum."

Passing from these trivialities, we come to the more serious studies of the ambitious Balliol student. Philosophy, which is poetry addressed to the understanding, exerted its seductive charms on him when he became a disciple of T. H. Green; and the compelling personality of Jowett failed not of its due effect, especially when he joined a vacation reading-party under the great man's supervision. Of these two eminent scholars and teachers the author has considerable to say, finally contrasting them thus:

"It would be difficult to find two men more unlike than Green and Jowett. Jowett was very different from an ordinary Englishman, resembling in everything but the austerity of his morals an abbé of the old French type, a would-be man of the world, brilliant with a sort of silvery radiance, taking an intellectual rather than sympathetic interest in men and things. With all his virtue he was hardly a man, and one could not imagine him ever having gone wrong or ever filling any other post but that of a Don. Green, on the other hand, was a Briton to the back bone, of the old Puritan type. He had a rather dark stern face thatched with a shock of iron-grey hair, with a firmly-built body, which might, if he had exercised it, have been athletic. He was silent and expressed himself with difficulty, but you had no doubt of the depth of his sympathy, and felt that except for his practised self-control he was a man of like passions with yourself. . . . Jowett was always the revered schoolmaster, in whose company we endeavoured to be virtuous for fear of exciting his displeasure. But Green was an elder brother, in whose society we were ashamed to be selfish or mean, and who taught rather by example than precept."

In the obligatory essay-writing of his course at Balliol, Mr. Liddell recalls that, like many others of his set, he "occasionally had recourse to Andrew Lang, whose good nature and extraordinary power of disquisition made him willing and able to knock off an essay on any subject in half an hour." Even so early, it appears, did Mr. Lang excite wonder and admiration by the fecundity of his genius.

Upon leaving Oxford Mr. Liddell gladly followed his father's advice and treated himself to a year of European travel and social relaxation, during which he saw persons and things well worth writing about. It was his father's desire, also, that led him to devote the best years of his life to an uncongenial profession, while art and literature were beckoning him in their direction. Some stolen intervals there were of painting and of writing, some copyings of old masters and some essays in landscape, and

also the production of magazine articles and a few seasons of regular work as law reporter for "The Times." Walking tours at Whitsuntide in the Isle of Wight are pleasantly recalled, and the renewal of old acquaintance with Mrs. Cameron, the artist-photographer, at Freshwater.

"On one of these visits she took us to a dance, at Mr. Tennyson's, at Farringford, where I remember seeing the Poet Laureate joining vigorously in the revels. He even condescended to 'take the floor' by dancing in a stately, almost elephantine way, with a young damsel in a polka. It was, no doubt, an interesting spectacle, to see an Olympian in white kid gloves partaking of the amusements of mankind. But I am not sure that I did not regret having gone to that dance, which had much the same effect upon me that the scenes in Lucian's 'Dialogues of the Gods' must have had upon a worshipper of Zeus."

The author's diaries of this period, and later, furnish him with many noteworthy details concerning persons and events. A conversation of some length with George Eliot is reported, and he recalls her "noble face of the equine type, with fine grey eyes, not large, but deep-set, thoughtful, and kind." Carlyle also crosses the stage, "old and shrunken, with a great shock of grey hair and bright eyes," but inexhaustible in his fund of "vivid and picturesque stories, which came out one after another, quite silencing Sir John Coleridge, who had a great reputation as a raconteur." Gladstone also appears, and more than once, and Herbert Spencer thus characteristically:

"Herbert Spencer, on being asked why he ate strawberry jam at breakfast, said that the beneficial effects of happiness upon mankind have been too much underrated, owing to the over-respect paid to asceticism. He considered pleasure an excellent digestive. He himself could not digest the same food for many days, simply from the effect that monotony would have upon his mind, and had heard of a man who went into a decline from eating nothing but mutton chops."

Not to be surpassed is the philosopher's reply to a lady who had expressed a belief that flowers have consciousness. "If you are determined," quoth Spencer, "to adhere to the proposition that it is possible to dissociate the existence of consciousness from the physiological processes of nervous organisation, I must differ from you entirely."

The latter part of the book shows us the writer secure in the possession of a not uncongenial office under the friend of his Oxford days, Lord Chancellor Reid, and delivered from the "apprehension of growing old in an unsuccessful life." He closes his final chapter with this note from his diary, under date of June 29, 1906: "Sixty years old to-day." What manner of man he is in his outward appearance is agreeably shown in a frontispiece, which is a reproduction of Sir Edward Poynter's portrait of his friend. Of the volume as a whole it is well within bounds to say that a more wholesome, straightforward, unpretentious, and thoroughly enjoyable piece of work, in the shape of autobiography, has not often been produced.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The warfare on carriers of disease.

The advance of civilization in the tropics is assured only in so far as the terrible epidemics of disease, which for ages have wiped off the map every advance in certain regions, can be eliminated or controlled. The most feared of these diseases, because the most mysterious and the most fatal, has been yellow fever. Now, thanks to the sacrifices of Doctor Reid and the investigations of others in the field of preventive medicine, this dread scourge has been robbed of its terrors; and only ignorance or incompetency or parsimony need expose any tropical community to its devastations. Sir Rupert Boyce, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, has been a leader in the scientific study of this fever, and in the constructive work of stamping out epidemics in New Orleans, Central America, West Indies, British Guiana, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Southern Nigeria, within the last six years. In his "Yellow Fever and its Prevention, a Manual for Medical Students and Practitioners" (Dutton), he recounts the history of the disease in all tropical lands, treats of its technical pathological and medical aspects, discusses the mosquito which spreads it abroad, and sets forth in detail the prophylactic measures by means of which communities in civilized and in savage lands have utilized the results of modern science in their defence. The work is a fine revelation of the coming developments of humanitarian work in the medical profession, and deserves a wide recognition for this reason as well as for its technical value. — Not only has the mosquito fallen under the ban because of his necessary relation to malaria and yellow fever, but the house-fly also is receiving sweeping condemnation for his possible relation to typhoid fever. Dr. L. O. Howard, of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology, would even go so far as to change the popular name of this insect to "typhoid fly," though he retains the older name in his title, "The House Fly, Disease Carrier; an Account of its Dangerous Activities and of the Means of Destroying it" (Stokes). A storm of protest has been raised by medical men and sanitarians against this proposal, for it tends to mislead the uninformed into the idea that the fly is the only carrier of this disease, as the mosquito is of malaria, and thus to lessen popular precautions regarding milk, water-supply, and sewage. Dr.

Howard's book is replete with the most recent and trustworthy information, and is written in his most lucid and effective style. He recounts the life-history of the fly, describes its breeding habits and favorite haunts, and tells of its parasites and enemies; he gives in detail the best methods of ridding the house of these pests, of preventing their multiplication on the farm and in the city, and supplies the information needed to enable a community to deal effectively with the problem of their extermination. Health officers, teachers, editors, and all interested in the public campaign against this menace to the comfort and safety of the home and the community, will find here an arsenal of the latest and most effective ammunition for their righteous warfare.

Human-sense and horse-sense in coöperation.

The volume called "Clever Hans" (Holt) is the tale of a horse so far as outer adornment goes, but the story of the pitfalls of ordinary human reasoning so far as pointing a moral. The echoes of the remarkable excitement created in Berlin in 1904 by the intellectual performances of "Kluge Hans," the horse of Herr von Osten, lost much of their power to carry conviction when transmitted across the Atlantic. Not so the translation of the very painstaking and ingenious investigation, duly set forth by Dr. Oscar Pfungst, of the psychological department of the University of Berlin. It seems a little out of place to say that the result was a complete exposure of the horse — the usual demonstration with reference to claimants for unusual and psychology-defying psychic powers, that they were clever but not supernatural, and not what they purported to be. Also like psychic claimants, the claim of the super-gift proved too much; it not only overreached itself and in attempting the sublime slipped to the ridiculous, but failed lamentably and suspiciously to account for its own limitations. Hans calculated in grades and systems from kindergarten to high school — counted, distinguished, grouped, classified, judged, corrected his errors, and in brief answered any sort of question that could be indicated by any reasonable number of pawings with his forefoot. The exhibitions were not conducted for gain; the sponsors for the genuineness of the phenomena were many and distinguished; Herr von Osten was honest; there were no signs or signals that anyone could detect, certainly none arranged; and staid Berlin was excited, psychology refuted, the University on trial. It all sounds so simple, with the simplicity of the Columbian egg, when you have the clue; but such situations are baffling and blind until the general presumption is made a specific demonstration. Quite naturally, quite unconsciously, signals were given. If interested and of the motor-emotional type, one's body bends forward as the tapping begins and straightens up when the correct count is reached. The horse's eye is shrewd enough to notice this, and so stops correctly, irrespective of whether the question is as to the product of two by four less one, or how many days in the week, or wonders in the world. So long as the master knows the answer and Hans can see his master, knowledge holds on and wisdom is ascribed; but ask the simplest query of which the master knows not the answer, or subject Hans to large blinders, and—in pardonable slang—there is nothing doing. The details of the story and the corroborations of the clues are worked out with remarkable nicety and with all the armament of the psychological laboratory. The human subject takes the *rôle* of Hans, another that of the master, a third that of the investigator; and the "graphic" records record the plot and its exposure. But what a blow is all this for the vaunted horse-sense of the average man! The psychologist seems to be coming to his own; and the guesses of interested laymen no longer impose.

Colonel Roosevelt as seen through German glasses.

The mutual admiration of Colonel Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm is well known, as also the fact that our distinguished ex-President has many other admirers in the German Empire. One of these, Dr. Max Kullnick, has prepared for his fellow-countrymen an appreciative biography of Mr. Roosevelt, which has been translated into English by Professor Frederick von Reithdorf of Monmouth College, and is published under the title "From Rough Rider to President" (McClurg). There is now no lack of material, both in Mr. Roosevelt's own writings and in what has been written about him by others, from which to construct a fairly authoritative account of his strenuous life. In addition to these printed sources, Dr. Kullnick has had the help of Mr. William Loeb, Jr., formerly private-secretary to President Roosevelt, and he gives many details, especially concerning the early life of the subject of his book, which are either new or little known to the reading public. That short season in Mr. Roosevelt's childhood that was passed in Germany, his present biographer is well-fitted to treat in such a way as to throw new light on the character and aptitudes of the boy Theodore. Passing to the four years at Harvard, the author takes occasion to contrast American and German university methods, to the advantage of the former as he conceives it. "The German university," he says, "is satisfied if it crams into the minds of the young men the greatest amount possible of the dry bones of human wisdom; but the American university is not content till it has entered the inner sanctum of the student's soul, dictated his ideals and moulded his character." Mr. Roosevelt's share in the Spanish-American War is related in sufficient detail. In the disputed question of the Rough Riders' charge at San Juan, the author appears to be correctly informed, and makes them charge up Kettle Hill, as is told at length by their commander in his book, "The Rough Riders"; but on a later page Dr. Kullnick refers the action to San Juan Hill. However, it is unnecessary to quibble over

names, especially as that of "Kettle Hill" came into being only after the battle in its neighborhood. The author speaks of Mr. Roosevelt's conscientious work on the Civil Service Commission "through the two years of Harrison's administration and the four of Grover Cleveland's," which not only conveys a wrong impression as to the length of Harrison's presidency, but is inaccurate concerning the duration of Mr. Roosevelt's commissionership, which began in 1889 and ended in 1895. Here and there occur a few more or less amusing reminders that the author, and his translator also, are of foreign birth; or at least, our idioms are less familiar to them than they might be. "The cowardly method of rakes" is apparently a hit at the muck-rakers. The word "bride" is used in the German sense, where we resort to the French *fiancée;* and "the pirate ship, the Alabama" is a little misleading. "The London Alps Club" evidently refers to the Alpine Club rendered familiar to us by Leslie Stephen, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and others. The book as a whole is excellent reading, especially for boys, to whom the courageous and manly qualities of our ex-President are made to appeal with force. The best side of Mr. Roosevelt could not well have been portrayed more effectively. The biography ends with his election to the presidency in 1904. The book has as frontispiece the familiar picture of the fence-vaulting horseman.

A not unworthy successor of the "Autocrat."

One "Peter Harding, M.D.," professes to be the author of a book that ought to make his name rather widely and favorably known. "The Corner of Harley Street" (Houghton) is composed of letters from a successful London G.P. (he himself repeatedly uses this abbreviation for "general practitioner") to a small circle of relatives and friends. Perhaps never since the "Autocrat" delighted the early "Atlantic" readers has more of shrewd and humorous and thoroughly enjoyable observation been packed into a physician's non-professional utterances. A slender thread of romance serves for the stringing together of these miscellaneous bits of wit and wisdom, but not even that is in the least necessary to hold the reader's attention and lure him on to the end of the sage observer's remarks on men and things. Incidentally he arrives at the happy though unexpected termination of Miss Molly Harding's love affair. Here is a random and not unseasonable passage from the fourth letter: "Is it racial, or universal, or temperamental, I wonder, this passionate yearning to be elsewhere—some uncrushable remnant of Romance? I give it up. I am sure that it is a nuisance; and equally certain that it is in reality the very salt of life." In a letter supposed to have been written at the close of an illness during which much reading of current literature beguiled the hours of confinement, there is some excellent and generously appreciative criticism of contemporary authors. Another letter describes at length, with pertinent reflections interspersed, a pilgrimage of devout and pathetically hopeful patients to Lourdes. Whoever the author of the book may be, we can hardly be mistaken in judging him to be a practising physician of long and varied experience, and a man given both to thought and to its well-considered expression. If he is not a physician, he has certainly done some hard reading in medicine.

Getting nervous through fear of nervousness.

The several adjectives harnessed to the patient and abused beast of burden which we call Life, about as commonly suggest a binding restriction and an added mechanical aid to the pull or push of effort. One is sometimes in doubt whether the life strenuous, simple, happy, balanced, efficient, progressive, social, individual, presents a problem or an ideal. Advice abounds; panaceas, elixirs, formulæ, may be had for the asking, or at any price one chooses to pay. America seems to be the land of the free prescription and the home of the brave takers thereof. It is also the culture-ground of nervousness. Dr. Partridge, who is a psychological and not a medical adviser, has produced a useful volume on "The Nervous Life" (Sturgis & Walton Co.) The shoe will be found to fit many a restless foot. It is a sane manual, at once on the side of moderation in principle and simplicity of practice. It points out a sound and safe middle-path between fads and neglect, between blissful ignorance and overweening knowledge. It makes right-feeling, right-doing and right-knowing each properly valued and attainable according to one's light. The social complexity of modern conditions, and the strain that is the temptation from which we pray and seek deliverance, are duly recognised as inevitable. The strength to meet them by the wise ordering of our mental attitudes and our bodily habits is exalted above the fleetness or ingenuity exhibited in escaping from them. The work is well conceived and simply written. To the many who have become nervous concerning the nervousness of their lives, it should bring a wholesome sedative influence.

Italian travels, artistic and sociological.

M. André Maurel's "Little Cities of Italy," translated by Helen Gerard and published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons, takes its readers on what the author terms "an artistic and sociological journey" through two groups of historically significant Italian municipalities: Florence, with her Tuscan girdle of San Gimignano, Monte Oliveto, Pisa, Lucca, Prato, Pistoia and Arezzo; and the scattered principal cities of the Veneto — Lecco, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Mantua, and Arqua. Dante, Giotto, and Petrarch are the ever-welcome figures which rise oftenest. Some of the content of the book is fresh and original, but more of it is already familiar to those who have some acquaintance with Italian history and art, for whom the book is intended. Among the most stimulating parts is the concluding chapter, in which the author voices his regret that the sacrifice of French blood

in the *risorgimento* has been fruitless of the real freedom which the individual parts of Italy have through all time been seeking. He sees in the still fluctuating Italo-German-Papal political relations only a modern continuation of the historic policy of the Italian — to assure himself of liberty, now by means of Guelf support, now of Ghibelline; a policy which has always brought a measure of independence, but never true liberty. M. Maurel's work, which the publishers have made into a beautiful volume, is characterized by a pleasing delicacy of style, and by touches of sentiment which are only once in a while a little too pronounced — virtues which no doubt lent still greater charm to the original French, and help account for the fact that the work was crowned by the French Academy.

Foremost of the Republics of South America.

An indication of the awakened interest of the people of the United States in the affairs of Latin America appears in the increasing number of books about South America, historical and descriptive. Mr. W. H. Koebel's "Argentina, Past and Present" (Dodd Mead & Co.) is an account of the youngest, strongest, and most "up-to-date" of the South American republics. The author has travelled over much of the country, has consulted the Argentine leaders in finance, agriculture, and politics, and has already published a book on "Modern Argentina." His slender historical summaries are of value chiefly as a setting for the more detailed descriptions of the social and economic institutions of the country. Since Argentina is still mainly an agricultural and grazing country, the author properly devotes much space to the conditions under which farming and cattle-raising are carried on. He also discusses the labor situation, immigration, railway development, social classes, and amusements. The North American will be surprised at the descriptions of the Argentine cities—most of which are evidently fully abreast of, and in some things superior to, our cities of the same size. The illustrations in the volume are numerous and good. Not much can be said in commendation of the author's style. The early chapters are crabbedly written, and there is throughout an irritating use of two words, "ere" and "ethics," the latter always in a most unusual sense.

The play and the book.

Mary Austin's drama "The Arrow Maker," as seen at The New Theatre at the tail-end of its last season, is a worthy attempt to deal with a picturesque and interesting native theme, rather than a successful play for stage purposes. The New York critics conceded its pictorial value, its beautiful setting, and the fine opportunity it offered Miss Wynne-Matthison — an opportunity firmly grasped by that capable player. But a reading of the play as it now appears in book form (Duffield & Co.) plainly reveals that while excellent material is to be found in it, the handling is not such as to give the progression, clash, and tense moments of climax, necessary to make a true drama. The central idea of a handsome young "medicine woman" assisting a young chief by her prophecies because he has secretly won her love, the situation created by his repudiation of that love when he marries a chief's daughter, and the way Chisera gets her revenge, are full of dramatic possibilities. Perhaps the technical reason why the *clinch* is not quite there, is that the spectator's interest is divided between the fate of these lovers and that of the tribe of which they are members; this ethnic motive at the end is the strongest, so that there is a shifting of the emphasis. In sympathetic accuracy of depiction, the play merits praise; the writer knows her subject-matter, and has given a faithful picture in place of the cheap caricatures so often substituted for the truth.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. C. Ainsworth Mitchell's "Science and the Criminal" (Little, Brown, & Co.) contains a popular account of the methods pursued by the intellects of science in their battle with the wits of sharpers. It covers a wide field, from the disclosures which keen analysis may make in handwriting, blood-stains, finger-prints, and chemical findings, to the varied applications of logic in circumstantial evidence, in proofs of alibi, in converting the trivial into the momentous. While the volume appeals to the sporting instincts for which the hunting of the criminal is a game of adventure, it also makes an interesting story of the ways of knowledge as a source of power, — in this instance, of the power to bring to light what the spirits of darkness shrewdly conceal.

There was published at Erlangen, in 1788, a two-volume work by Johann David Schoepf, entitled "Reyse durch Einige der Mittlern und Südlichen Vereinigten Nordamerikanischen Staaten nach Ost-Florida und den Bahama-Inseln Unternommen in den Jahren 1783 und 1784." This work is now translated and edited by Mr. Alfred J. Morrison, and published by Mr. William J. Campbell, Philadelphia. It is the work of a trained scientific observer, who had come to America in 1777 as chief surgeon to the Ansbach "Hessians," who remained in the country for seven years, and wrote several special works about the natural history of the colonies. After the war had come to end, he made the extensive journey described in the work now before us.

A new edition of Ward Hill Lamon's "Recollections of Abraham Lincoln" has been edited and published by his daughter, Dorothy Lamon Teillard. The additions to the original volume, publised fifteen years ago, are some fac-similes of Lincoln manuscripts and an appendix of letters written by friends of Lincoln to Mr. Lamon fifty years ago. Ward Lamon was one of Lincoln's intimate personal friends in his earlier years, and was taken by him to Washington and kept near at hand for personal intercourse and friendly support in the position of Marshal of the District of Columbia. He thus knew Lincoln thoroughly, and his book was written from first-hand knowledge. It is interesting and on the whole trustworthy in the incidents

given, and the light thrown on Lincoln's character; but its material has been mainly incorporated into more recent biographies.

Among those public libraries that concern themselves with the preparation and publication of instructive and timely papers on subjects of local or more general interest, the Free Public Library of Jersey City deserves honorable mention. It was not long ago that we had occasion to commend its excellent illustrated pamphlet tracing the early history of the settlement that afterward became known as Jersey City. And now, in celebration of Flag Day (June 14), it has issued an eight-page treatise on "The American Flag," packed with information on the subject of flags in general and our own flag in particular. The little work is of anonymous authorship, but we are informed that it is from the pen of the assistant librarian, who has evidently had no lack of material to draw upon in the library of the city. No list of authorities is appended, but a footnote informs the reader of "a large and valuable collection of books and magazine articles" in the library, and available for reference or for home reading.

Not long ago, the Rev. Joseph H. Crooker published his volume on "The Church of Today." He has now given us a companion volume entitled "The Church of Tomorrow" (Pilgrim Press). The books were written by one who is an ardent disciple of Christianity, but who has in no way identified himself with any dogma, ritual, or ecclesiastical organization. Both volumes were drawn out by the controversy which is waged by the science and philosophy of our time, with the several expositions of faith, as not resting on a broad and universal basis. The author accepts these grounds of criticism, and gives a view of the church, present and to come, which reposes its claims broadly on all human knowlege. The first book was remarkable for the justness and enthusiasm of its statements, and yet for their soundness and sufficiency. The second book shares these qualities, though one may feel that, dealing with a topic more conjectural, the style is not as simple and impressive as in the former work.

NOTES.

M. Edmond Rostand is said to be engaged upon a translation of Goethe's works into French. The first volumes to appear will be "Goetz von Berlichingen" and "Tasso."

An anonymous London philanthropist has lately set aside the sum of $100,000 to be devoted to the distribution of Norman Angell's notable contribution to the peace movement, "The Great Illusion."

"A History of Common School Funds," by Dr. Fletcher H. Swift, Professor of Education in the University of Minnesota, will be published immediately by Messrs. Holt. This volume is said to be the first attempt to give a comprehensive account of the permanent public common-school funds in the United States and their influence.

The works of John M. Synge are being issued in American editions (presumably through arrangement with Synge's executors) by Messrs. John W. Luce & Co. Three volumes have already appeared, comprising the two short plays, "Riders to the Sea" and "The Tinker's Wedding," and the sketches of Irish life and travel entitled "The Aran Islands." Other volumes will follow at intervals. Readers of THE DIAL will recall Mr. Warren Barton Blake's detailed account of Synge and his work published in our issue of January 16 last.

Collectors of Americana, and librarians, will be glad to know that Messrs. Henry Stevens Son & Stiles of London have just issued a second "Catalogue of Rare Americana," extending to over two hundred pages, and listing perhaps a thousand items. The extensive bibliographical notes and descriptions give the publication a value not often attached to dealers' catalogues.

"The Grain of Dust," published a few months ago, is by no means the last book which we are to have from the pen of the late David Graham Phillips. The Messrs. Appleton have a novel by him in preparation for issue next Fall; and three other stories are to appear within a year or two. All of these forthcoming books had been finished a considerable time before Mr. Phillips's death.

To the charming series of Oxford reprints of first editions (Frowde) we now have added Shelley's "Prometheus Bound" of 1820, edited by Mr. A. M. D. Hughes; and Browning's "Men and Women" of 1855, edited by Mr. G. E. Hadow. These books are just as good as originals for the purposes of scholarship and textual verification, and should be very welcome to students with short purses.

Volume IV. of the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy" has just been published by the Messrs. Scribner. The work is under the editorial supervision of Messrs. Langton Douglas and G. de Nicola, and the volume now at hand is devoted to the "Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century." This sumptuous publication is a part of the necessary equipment of every student of Italian art.

A supplement to Wagner's Autobiography, reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, in the shape of an English translation of "The Family Letters of Richard Wagner." The translation has been done by Mr. Ashton Ellis. There also comes from Germany the report that a new Wagner manuscript has been discovered. It is said to be a chorus with orchestral accompaniment, written in 1843 for the unveiling of a monument to Frederick August the Just.

"For Her Namesake: An Anthology of Poetical Addresses from Devout Lovers to Gentle Maidens" is the complete title of a charming volume compiled by Mr. Stephen Langton and published by Messrs. Dana Estes & Co. There are one or two selections for each of a long list of feminine names, arranged in alphabetical order. Handmade paper, decorative end-leaves and cover, and presswork in two colors, combine to form an exterior setting that could not easily be enhanced in attractiveness.

Four volumes of literary interest announced for Autumn publication by the Baker & Taylor Co. are "The Poet's New England," by Miss Helen A. Clarke; "The Paracelsus of Robert Browning," by Mrs. Christina P. Denison; "Robert Louis Stevenson: A Familiar Study," by Dr. Clayton Hamilton; and "Loves of the Poets," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. This firm also announces "The Book of Scottish Poetry," compiled by Sir George Douglas, Bart., and Miss Edith Rickert's long-delayed anthology of "American Lyrics."

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

July, 1911.

Accent, The Feminine. Shaemas O'Sheel. *Forum.*
Apostles of Reasonableness. Newman Smyth. *Century.*
Arbitration with Honor. Albert B. Hart. *World To-day.*
Armed Peace, Remedy for. D'Estournelles de Constant. *Forum.*
Art, The Subject in. Kenyon Cox. *Scribner.*
Beehive, A Crisis in the. John Preston True. *Atlantic.*
Bierce, Ambrose. Frederick Taber Cooper. *Bookman.*
Birds that Live by their Wits. W. L. Finley. *Everybody's.*
Borax, The Financial Power of. R. E. Wales. *World To-day.*
Caloocan and Its Trenches. Frederick Funston. *Scribner.*
Children, On the Training of. Francis E. Leupp. *Atlantic.*
China, The Struggle for Existence in. E. A. Ross. *Century.*
Cities, The Awakening of the—II. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
Civil War, Signal Corps in the. A. W. Greely. *Rev. of Revs.*
Columbia—Alaska's Typical Glacier. L. Martin. *Rev. of Revs.*
Coronation, London and the. Sydney Brooks. *Forum.*
Diaz, Porfirio, at First Hand. R. H. Murray. *World's Work.*
Diplomacy and Arbitration—II. A. T. Mahan. *No. American.*
Edison on Inventions and Inventors. W. P. Warren. *Century.*
Elizabethan Speech, A Survival of. James J. Walsh. *Harper.*
Florida Keys, Wreckers of the. George Harding. *Harper.*
Flying Fast and Furious. Augustus Post. *World's Work.*
Forest Fires, Prevention of. Guy E. Mitchell. *Rev. of Revs.*
Franchise, The Unlimited. Max Eastman. *Atlantic.*
Furuseth, Andrew, The Coming Ashore of. *Everybody's.*
Games and Gangs. Luther H. Gulick. *Lippincott.*
Germany's Fight for Power. P. C. Penfield. *Rev. of Revs.*
Girl, The, of Tomorrow. Edith H. Baylor. *World's Work.*
Golf, The Tragedy of. P. A. Valle. *North American.*
Hardy, Thomas, Poetry of. Alfred Noyes. *No. American.*
Hat, Learning to Remove One's. G. L. Parker. *Atlantic.*
Hunting in the Rockies. Currie Love. *World To-day.*
Hustling, The Waste of. Walter D. Scott. *Everybody's.*
Insurance, Workingmen's. James H. Boyd. *World To-day.*
Is There Anything New Under the Sun? E. Bjorkman. *Forum.*
Japan's Navy Since the War with Russia. *Review of Reviews.*
Judaism—Is It Necessary To-day? Abrams Isaacs. *No. Amer.*
Kahn Foundation, The. Nicholas M. Butler. *Rev. of Revs.*
Keith, William, Painter of the West. A. Hoeber. *World's Work.*
La Follette: Pioneer Progressive. W. B. Hale. *World's Work.*
Laurier, Sir Wilfrid. Alexander Harvey. *Review of Reviews.*
Lee and His army. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
Leisure, The Right Use of. Temple Scott. *Forum.*
Luther, Martin, and His Work—VIII. A. C. McGiffert. *Century.*
Lyndon, Barry, The Real. Lewis Melville. *Bookman.*
Magazine Age Limit, The. George Jean Nathan. *Bookman.*
Motor-Car, Farthest North by. Howard S. Hamilton. *Century.*
Music, Democratizing. Donald Wilhelm. *World To-day.*
Narrative and the Fairy Tales.—II. Brian Hooker. *Bookman.*
New York, Up-town. Richard Le Gallienne. *Harper.*
Northwest Corner, The. Carlos. G. Calkins. *World To-day.*
Opium Traffic, Passing of the. Rosa P. Chiles. *Forum.*
Orient, The—What It Can Teach Us. C. Poe. *World's Work*
Paris à la Carte. Julian Street. *Everybody's.*
Pen and Pencil. Arthur M. Chase. *Bookman.*
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Reciprocity, Canada and. William H. Taft. *World To-day.*
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Supreme Court Decisions. Peter S. Grosscup, John Larkin, James M. Beck, W. J. Bryan, F. R. Coudert, Samuel Untermyer. *North American.*
Thackeray's London. Lewis Melville. *Century.*
Thackeray, The Portraits of. *Bookman.*
Thought Flights into Loneliness. Ada Cambridge. *Atlantic.*
Train Dispatcher, The. F. F. Small. *World To-day.*
Vegetarianism, Some Aspects of. A. D. Hall. *Harper.*
Village, The Resurrection of a. Eldie Troxell. *World's Work.*
Welfare Work for Boys and Girls. *World To-day.*
Women of the Cæsars—III. Guglielmo Ferrero. *Century.*
Women, Some Grand Old. Lucy B. Jerome. *World To-day.*
Wood-Engraving, The New Art of. F. Weitenkampf. *Scribner.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 84 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

My Life. By Richard Wagner. In two volumes, illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. $8. net.

The Autobiography of Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, 1835-1910. In two volumes, illustrated in photogravure, 8vo. Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

The Nelsons of Burnham Thorpe: A Record of a Norfolk Family Compiled from Unpublished Letters and Notebooks, 1787-1842. By M. Eyre Matcham. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 306 pages. John Lane Co. $5. net.

Sir William Butler: An Autobiography. By N. F. Butler, C.G.B. Illustrated in photogravure, 8vo, 476 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4. net.

The Life of Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, with Some Notices of his Friends and Contemporaries. By Edward Smith. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 348 pages. John Lane Co. $4. net.

The Herkomers. By Hubert von Herkomer, LL.D. In two volumes, Vol. II.; illustrated, 8vo, 234 pages. Macmillan Co. $2. net.

The Public Life of Joseph Dudley: A Study of the Colonial Policy of the Stuarts in New England, 1660-1715. By Everett Kimball, Ph.D. 8vo, 239 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $2. net.

John Dennis: His Life and Criticism. By H. G. Paul, Ph.D. With portrait, 8vo, 229 pages. Columbia University Press. $1.25.

William the Silent, Prince of Orange (1533-1584), and the Revolt of the Netherlands. By Ruth Putnam. Illustrated, 12mo, 518 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Queens of Roman England and their Successors. By Alice D'Alco. Illustrated, 12mo, 140 pages. Boston: Everett Publishing Co. $2.

Theodore Parker, Anniversaries of Birth and Death, Celebrated in Chicago, November 13-20, 1910. With portrait, 8vo, 212 pages. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co. 75 cts.

HISTORY.

California Under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847. By Irving Berdine Richman. With maps, 8vo, 541 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. net.

The West in the East, from an American Point of View. By Price Collier. 12mo. 534 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The New Europe, 1789-1889. By Reginald W. Jeffery, M.A. With diagrams and maps, 8vo, 401 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50.

A Short History of the United States Navy. By George R. Clark, William O. Stevens, Carroll S. Alden, Herman F. Krafft. With illustrations and maps, 8vo, 505 papes. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. net.

Lollardy and the Reformation in England. An Historical Survey. By James Gairdner, C. B. In three volumes. Vol. III. 415 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

A History of Painting in Italy, Umbria, Florence and Siena. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. New and revised edition. Vol. IV.: Florentine Masters of the Fifteenth Century. Illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo, 387 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6. net.

Flowers from Mediæval History. Minnie D. Kellogg. Illustrated, 16mo, 145 pages. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50.

The Constitution of the United States of America. Limited edition; 4to, 40 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A Page of Forgotten History. By Laura McCracken. 16mo, 115 pages. London: David Nutt.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Lay Morals and Other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, $1.; leather, $1.25 net.

A Short History of English Versification from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Max Kluza, Ph.D.; translated from the German by A. C. Dunstan, Ph.D. 12mo, 396 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

The Comic Spirit in George Meredith: An Interpretation. By Joseph Warren Beach. 12mo, 230 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25 net.

Some Reflections on the Drama and Shakespeare. By Arthur Bourchier, M.A. 16mo, 53 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

Resurrection. By Lyof N. Tolstoi; translated from the Russian by Aline P. Delano. 12mo, 475 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.

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Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. By H. J. Mozans, Ph.D.; with an Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated, 8vo, 542 pages. D. Appleton & Co. $3.50 net.

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